## THE POSTMISTRESS OF LAUREL

WRITTEN FOR THE EVENING STAR BY BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER I.

THE MAIL STAGE HAD JUST PASSED Laurel Run so rapidly that the whirling cloud of dust dragged with it down the steep grade from the summit hung over the level long after the stage had vanished, and then, drifting away, slowly sifted a red precipitate over the hot platform of the Laurel Run post

Out of this cloud presently emerged the neat figure of the postmistress with the mail bag which had been dexterously flung at her feet he postmistress herself-much more effective Lan any official interdict-withheld them. The bag was not heavy. Laurel Run was too recent settlement to have attracted much correndence, and the young woman having pounced upon her prey with a certain feline tinct dragged it, not without difficulty, behind the partitioned inclosure in the office and locked the door. Her pretty face, momen-marily visible through the window, was slightly flushed with the exertion, and the loose ends of her fair hair, wet with perspiration, curled them-selves over her forehead into tantalizing little But the window shutter was quickly ed and this momentary but charming vision withdrawn from the waiting public. Guy ment oughter have more sense than to make a woman pick mail bags outer the road."

said Jo Simmons, sympathetically. "Tain't in her day's work anyhow; guv ment oughter hand 'em over to her like a lady; it's rich enough

her day's work anyhow: guv'ment oughter hand 'em over to her like a lady; it's rich enough and ugly enough."

"Tain't guv'ment; it's that stage company's airs and graces," interrupted a newcomer. "They think it mighty fine to go beltin' by, makin' everybody take their dust, just because stoppin' ain't in their contract. Why, if that express man who chucked down the bag had any feelin's for a lady"—but he stopped here at the confess this to her worshipers? but here the door opened in her very face and a stranger entered.

Ile was a man of fifty, compactly and strongly built. A squareiy cut goatee, slightly streaked with gray, tell straight from his thin-lipped but handsome mouth; his eyes were dark, numorous, yet scarching. But the distinctive quality to the last sheet and hurriedly rolled than dressented it as "cavotin' round," but now she was eager to pour out her wrongs to the first comer. She had her hand impulsively on the door of the partition, when she stopped with a new sense of the platform she slipped from it, and seemed to be swallowed up in the waiting woods beyond.

CHAPTER II.

Once within the friendly shadows of the long belt of pines Mrs. Baker kept them until she had left the limited settlement of Laurel Run out, yet scarching. But the distinctive quality

s feelin's, stranger," said Simmons ly. "Why, you oughter see him just in' that beg like a baby as he comes tearin' down the grade, and then rise up and sorter heave it to Mrs. Eaker ez if it was a five-dollar ookay! His feelin's for her! himself so dead away to her that we're looking for him to forget what he's doin' next, and just come sailin' down hisself at her feet.' Meanwhile, on the other side of the partition, Mrs. Baker had brushed the red dust from the

padlocked bag and removed what seemed to be supplementary package attached to it by a Opening it she found a handsome sce bottle, evidently a superadded gift from the devoted expressman. This she put aside with a slight smile and the murmured word "Foolish-But when she had unlocked the bag aside with the other. This also was vanity and, presumably, vexation of spirit.

five were for herself, and yet the proportion was small that morning. Two of them were marked "official business," and were promptly put by with feminine discernment, but in an-

it was accompanied with a social peculiarity that had in time become a habit of Laurel Run. As the young woman delivered the letters are you, anywas Go outside at once!" a conversation at times impeded by bashful-ness or timidity on his part solely or restricted often to vague smiling—he resignedly made way for the next. It was a formal levec, mitigated by the informality of rustic tact, great good humor, and infinite patience, and would have been amusing had it not always.

She was the wife of John Baker, foreman of "The Last Chance," now for a year lying dead he flings it down."
under half a mile of crushed and beaten-in Mr. Home, with his eyes on her pretty face, to him, to answer that despairing ery. But she rose suddenly with a pale face and said, "Go John; I will wait for you here." He went, the men were freed, but she had waited for him ever

John; I will wait for you here." He went, the men were freed, but she had waited for him ever since.

Yet in the shock of the calamity and in the after struggles of that poverty which had come to the ruined camp she had scarcely changed. But the men had. Although she was to all appearances the same giddy, pretty Betsey Baker, who had been so disturbing to the younger members, they seemed no longer to be disturbed by her. A certain subdued awe and respect, as if the martyred spirit of John Baker still held his arm around her, seemed to have come upon the martyred spirit of John Baker still held his arm around her, seemed to have come upon the mail. They held their breath as this pretty woman, whose brief mourning had not seemed to affect her cheerfulness or even playing stood by her cabin and the camp—the only woman in a settlement of lorty men—during the darkest hours of their domestic needs. The sancity of her cabin domestic needs. The sancity of her cabin and concerns was, however, always kept as inviolable as if it had been his tomb. No one exactly knew why a marked of the post of down there in the held the sance of their domestic needs. The sancity of her cabin and concerns the same gides of the sancity of her cabin and a settlement of lorty men—during the darkest hours of their fortune, helping the marty of her cabin and concerns the single force in all that concerns the sum and the camp—the only woman in a settlement of lorty men—during the marty of the very marked sum that the department of the hotel and she sweet down securely on its wings. Half-past eight! The light of the settlement were just ahead of her, but so their to wash and cook and ministering to their domestic needs. The sancity of her cabin was, however, always kept as inviolable as if it had been his tomb. No one exactly knew why, for it was only a tacit instinct, but even one or two who had not scrupled to pay court to Betsey Baker during John Baker's life shrank from even a suggestion of familiarity toward the woman who had said that she would "wait him there."

Yhen brighter days came and the settlement was a first and ministering to offerings—"except a notification from Hickory Hill post office. It leaves there," she went on, with an affectation of precision, "at half-past eight exactly, and it's about an hour's run—
"Exactly, and it's about an hour's run—
ceive the bag, open it and dispatch it again. You can, if you choose, take a holiday."
"But," said Mrs. Baker, as she remembered the sighing Green's occasional offerings—"except a notification from Hickory Hill post office. It leaves there," she went on, with an affectation of precision, "at half-past eight exactly, and it's about an hour's run—
"Exactly, "aid Mr. Home. "Well, I will receive the bag, open it and dispatch it again.
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Hill post office. It leaves there," she went on, with an affectation of precision, "at half-past eight exactly, and it's about an hour's run—
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"Exactly," said Mr. Home. "Exactly, "add Mr. Home."

him there." Vhen brighter days came and the settlement 1...d increased by one or two families, and lag-gard capital had been hurried up to relieve the still beleaguered and locked-up wealth of Burnt Ridge, the needs of the community and the claims of the widow of John Baker were so well told in political quarters that the post office of Laurel Run was created expressly for her. Every man participated in the building of the pretty yet substantial edifice—the only public building in Manual Public Pub the settlement. There she was installed for certain hours of the day, for she could not be

assure the government authorities of the ne-cessity of a post office and to secure a perma-communication to you. Have you got it ment competency to the postmistress there was much embarrassing extravagance. During the much embarrassing extravagance. During the first week the sale of stamps at Laurel Run post office was unprecedented in the annals of the department. the department. Fancy prices were given for the first issue. Then they were bought wildly, recklessly, unprofitably and on all occasions.

of new rules," or notifications, or "absurd" questions which had nothing to do with Laurel Run, and only bothered her and "made her head ache," and she had usually referred them head ache," and she had usually referred them
to her admiring neighbor at Hickory Hill for
explanation, who had generally returned them
to her with the brief indorsement, "Purp, stuff;
don't bother;" or, "Hog wash; let it slide."
She remembered now that he had not returned
the two last. With knotted brows and a slight pout she put aside her private correspondence and tore open the first one. It referred with official curtness to an unanswered communication of the previous week, and was "compelled to remind her of rule 47." Again those borrid rules! She opened the others; the frown deepened on her brow and became fixed. It was a summary of certain valuable mone

letters that had miscarried on the route, and of which they had given her previous information. For a moment her cheeks blazed. How dare they; what did they mean? Her waybills and registers were always right; she knew the names of every man, woman and child in her district; no such names as those borne by the missing letters had ever existed at Laurel Run; no such addresses had ever been sent from Laurel post office. It was a mean insinuation. uld send in her resignation at once. She from the top of the passing vehicle. A dozen ter to Senator Slocum. Mrs. Baker had the loungers eagerly stretched out their hands to a sust her, but the warning "It's agin the rules, boys, for any but her to touch it" from a bystander and a coquettish shake of the head from abystander and a coquettish shake of the head from abystander and a coquettish shake of the head from abystander and a coquettish shake of the head from abystander and a coquettish shake of the head from abystander and a coquettish shake of the head from abystander and a coquettish shake of the head from abystander and a coquettish shake of the head from abystander and a coquettish shake of the head from abystander and a coquettish shake of the head from abystander and a coquettish shake of the head from a coquettish shake of the co innater of Heavy Tree Crossing, who was jealous of her. "Remind her of their previous unanswered communication," indeed! Where was that communication, anyway? She remembered she had sent it to her admirer at Hickory Hill. Odd that he hadn't answered it. could be, too, have dared to suspect her! The that she now clearly saw must have been far thought turned her crimson again. He, Stanton Green, was an old "Laurel Runner," a friend of John's, a little "triffin" and "prescomin"." but still an old loyal pioneer of the camp. "Why

hadn't he spoke up? There was the soft, muffled fall of the horse's hoofs in the thick dust of the highway, the jingle of dismounting spurs, and a firm tread on the platform. No doubt one of the boys returning for a few supplemental remarks under the teeble pretense of forgotten stamps. It had been done before and she had resented

ous, yet searching. But the distinctive quality that struck Mrs. Eaker was the blending of urban ease with frontier frankness. He was evidently a man who had seen cities and kno countries well. And while he was dressed with the comfortable simplicity of a Californian mounted traveler, her mexperienced but feminine eye detected the keynote of his respecta-bility in the carefully tied bow of his cravat. The Sierran throat was apt to be open, free and

"Good-morning Mrs. Baker," he said, pleasantiy, with his hat already in his hand.
"I'm Harry Home of San Francisco." As h spoke his eye swept approvingly over the inclosure, the primit tied papers and well-kept pigeon holes, the pot of flowers on her desk, her China silk mantle and killing little cen its sacred interior was also profaned by a covert parcel from the adjacent postmaster at Barnt Ridge, containing a gold "specimen" brooch and some circus tickets. It was laid aside with the other. This also was vanity and, across the table. Here it became fixed on the resumably, veration of spirit.

Unfortunate wire of the amorous expressman
There were seventeen letters in all, of which of the lock, and he reached his hand toward it But little Mrs. Baker was before him and had seized it in her arms. She had been too preod cupied and bewildered to resent his first intru sion behind the partition, but this last familiar compartment than that holding the pres-Then the shutter was opened and the ity with her sacred official property-albei

in turn to the men who were patiently drawn up in Indian file she made that simple act a medium of privileged but limited conversation on special or general topics—gay or serious, as the case might be or the temperature of the

have been amusing had it not always been terribly in earnest and at times touching. For it
was peculiar to the place and the epoch, and
indeed implied the whole history of Mrs.
Baker.

After all this official was a man like the others,
and it was just as well that he should understand her power. "it's only the expressman's
foolishness," she said, with a slightly coquetish
toss of her head. "He thinks it smart to tie

under half a mile of crushed and beaten-in tunnel at Burnt Ridge. There had been a sudden outery from the depths at high hot noon-tide one day and John had rushed from his cabin, his young, foolish, fiirting wife clinging to nim, to answer that despairing cry. But she recollection that the Hickory Hill postmaster to him, to answer that despairing cry. But she recollection that the Hickory Hill postmaster that despairing cry. had used the inside of the bag to convey his bling lightly, walking on three legs, and recreat-foolishness came across her. It would never ing himself as only a California mustang could, do to confess it now. Her face must have the invincible Blue Lightning at last stood tri-

that Laurel Run always made a point of attend ing her evening levee on account of the superior leisure it offered, "there are the people who come for letters, you know." who come for letters, you know."
"I thought you said there were no letters at that time," said Mr. Home quickly.
"No—but—but—" (with a slight hysterical stammer) "the boys come all the same."
"Oh!" said Mr. Home, dryly.
"And—O Lord!" But here the spectacle of

public building in Laurel Run—that stood in the possible discomfiture of Laurel Run at the dust of the great highway, half a mile from meeting the bearded face of Mr. Home inthe settlement. There she was installed for certain hours of the day, for she could not be prevailed upon to abandon John's cabin, and here, with all the added respect due to a public functionary, she was secure in her privacy. But the blind devotion of Laurel Run to John Baker's relict did not stop here. In its zeal to save the government authorities of the necessity of a post office and to secure a permanet communication to you. Have you got it was owing some bill—the collector was waiting the bestded account in the collection of the minor in the collection of the window, "Good God! you've opened it already!" she cried, pointing to the broken seal. The expression on her face more than any thing she had said convinced him that she waited with amused toleration for it to stop, and, when she had recovered, resumed: "Now, I should like to refer an instant to my first that her despairing tone suggested. "Yes. I was owing some bill—the collector was waiting communication to you. Have you got it

Mr. Green of Hickory Hill for information."

Terrified at the sudden seriousness of the man's voice, she managed to gasp out, how-ever, that after her usual habit she had not opened the official letters, but had sent them

the first issue. Then they were bought widdy, recklessly, unprofitably and on all occasions. Complimentary congratulations at the little window invariably ended with "An a dollar" worth of stamps, Mrs. Baker." It was felt to be supremely delicate to buy only the highest priced stamps without reference to their adequacy. Then mere quantity was sought; time outgoing letters were all overpaid and stamped in extrageous proportion to their weight and even size. The imbeculity of this and its probable effect on the reputation of Larrel Run at the general post office being pointed out by Mrs. Baker, teamps were adopted, as local currousy and even for decorative purposes on the superior of the walk of cabins. Everybody wrote letter with the control of the walk of cabins. Everybody wrote letter with the control of the walk of cabins. Everybody wrote letter with the control of the walk of cabins. Everybody wrote letter with the control of the walk of cabins. Everybody wrote letter with the control of the walk of cabins. Everybody wrote letter with the control of the policy of the control of the walk of the control of the co

not find a certain decoy letter in it, which was last checked at Heavy Tree Crossing, I shall know that it remains in Green's possession at Hickory Hill."

Hickory Hill."

She was sitting back in her chair, white and breathless. He glanced at her kindly and then took up his hat. "Come, Mrs. Baker, don't let this worry you. As I told you at first, you have nothing to fear. Even your thoughtlessness and ignorance of rules has contributed to show your own innocence. Nobody will ever be the wiser for this; we do not advertise our affairs in the department. Not a soul but yourself knows the real cause of my visit here. I will leave you here alone for awhile, so as to divert

self knows the real cause of my visit here. I will leave you here alone for awhile, so as to divert any suspicion. You will come, as usual, this evening, and be seen by your friends. I will only be here when the bag arrives to open it. Good-bye, Mra. Baker, it's a nasty bit of business, but it's all in the day's work. I've seen worse, and, thank God, you're out of it."

She heard his footsteps retreat into the outer office and die out of the platform; the jingle of his spurs and the hollow beat of his horse hoofs, that seemed to find a dull echo in her own heart, and she was alone. The room was very hot and very quiet; she could hear the warping and creaking of the shingles under the relaxing of the nearly level sunbeams. The relaxing of the nearly level sunbeams. The office clock struck 7. In the breathless silence that followed a woodpecker took up his interrupted work on the roof and see ut monotonously in her ear the last words of the stranger. Stanton Green—a thief! Stanton Green, one of the "boys" John had helped out of the falling tunnel. Stanton Green, whose old mother in the states still wrote letters to him at Laurel Run, in a few hours to be a disgraced and ruined man forever. She re-membered now, as a thoughtless woman re-members, tales of his extravagance and fast living, of which she had taken no heed and, with a sense of shame, of presents sent her. beyond his means. What should the boys say? What would John have said? Ah, what would

John have done? She started suddenly to her feet, white and cold as on that day that she had parted from John Baker before the tunnel. She put on her hat and mantle, and going to that little iron safe that stood in the corner, unlocked it, and took out its entire contents of gold and silver. She had reached the door when another idea seized her, and opening her desk she collected her stamps to the last sheet and hurriedly rolled them up under her cape. Then with a glance

far to the right and came upon an open slope of Burnt Ridge, where she knew Jo Simmons' mustang, Blue Lightning, would be quietly feeding. She had often ridden him before and when she had detached the fifty-foot rists from his head stall he permitted her the further recognized familiarity of twining her fingers in his bluish mane and climbing on his back. The tool shed of Burnt Ridge tunnel, Jo's saddle and bridle always hung, was but a canter further on. She reached it unperceived and another trick of the old days quickly extemporized a side saddle from Simmons' Mexi-can tree, with its high cantle and horn bur, and the aid of a blanket. Then leaping to her seat she rapidly threw off her mantle, tied it by its sleeves around her waist, tucked it under knee and let it fall over her horse's flanks. By this time Blue Lightning was also struck with a flash of equine recoilection, and pricked up his ears. Mrs. Baker uttered a little chirping cry which he remembered, and the next moment which he remembered, and the next moment they were both careering over the bridge.

The trail that she had taken, though precipi-tate, difficult and dangerous in places, was a clear gain of two miles on the stage road. There was less chance of her being followed or meeting any one. The greater canons were already in shadow; the pines on the further ridges were separating their masses and show-ing individual silhouettes against the sky but ing individual silhouettes against the sky, but the air was still warm, and the cool breath of night, as she well knew it, had not yet begun to flow down the mountain. The lower range of Burnt Ridge was still uncelipsed by the creeping shadow of the mountain ahead of her. Without a watch, but with this familiar and medium of privileged but limited conversation on special or general topics—gay or serious, as the case might be or the temperament of the man suggested. That it was almost always of a complimentary character on their part may be readily imagined; but it was invariably characterized by an element of refined restraint, and, whether from some implied understanding or individual sense of honor, it never passed the bounds of conventionality or a certification.

near it. Glad to see you know how to defend Uncle Sam's property so well. I was only a bit puzzled to know (pointing to the wire) if that thing was on the bag when it was delivered to you?"

Mrs. Baker saw no reason to conceal the truth. After all this official was a man like the others, and it was just as well that he should underistand her power. "It's only the expressman's foolishness," she said, with a slightly coquetish toss of her head. "He thinks it smart to tie some nonsense on that bag with the wire when he flings it down."

Mr. Home, with his eyes on her pretty face, seemed to think it a not inhuman or unpardonable folly. "As long as he doesn't meddle with over the bluish mane, and the streaming gauze of her mantel almost level with the horse's caressing, blarneying, cooing creature—up there! He remembered her now. Ha! very well then. Hoop la! And suddenly leaping out like a rabbit, bucking, trotting hard, am-

pant—a good-looking young fellow with a reddish mustache—turned toward her with a flush of delighted surprise. But it changed at the sight of the white, determined face that had never looked once toward him, but was fixed upon a large bag, whose yawning mouth was still open and propped up beside his desk.

"Where is the through money letter that
came in that bag?" she said, quickly.

"What—do—you—mean?" he stammered,

"What—do—you—mean?" he stammered, with a face that had suddenly grown whiter than her own.

"I mean that it's a decoy, checked at Heavy
Tree Crossing, and that Mr. Hone of San
Francisco is now waiting at my office for to
know if you have taken it."

The laugh and lie that he had at first tried to summon to mouth and lips never reached them. For, under the spell of her rigid, truthful face, he turned almost mechanically

here for the money, and I took something from the packet. But I was going to make it up by handy?"

Mrs. Baker's face fell. "No—I sent it over to

Mrs. Baker's face fell. "No—I sent it over to

"How much have you taken?"

"Only a tride, I-"How much?"

"A hundred dollars!" She dragged the money she had brought from

"And it's a pity that the omnibus way bag appened to get such a shaking up and bang-ng round already coming here."

"I say," continued Mrs. Baker, with great gravity and dancing eyes, "that it would be just awful if that keerful city clerk found things kinder mixed up inside when he comes to open it. I wouldn's give him trouble for the world, Charley."

"No, ma'am, it ain't like you."

"So you'll be particularly careful on my account." "Mrs. Baker," said Charley, with infinite gravity, "if that bag should tumble off a dozen times between this and Laurel Hill, I'll hop

"I say," continued Mrs. Baker,

down and pick it up myself."
Thank you! Shake!" They shook hands gravely across the window ledge.

"And you sin't goin' down with us, Mrs. any rovers now existing. The very first "Of course not; it wouldn't do-for I ain't here-don't you see?" "Of course."

She handed him the bag through the door

road, where, from certain exclamations and shouts, it seemed that a like miserable mischance attended its elevation to the boot. The Mrs. Baker came back into the office, and as the wheels rolled away threw herself into a chair and inconsistently gave way for the first time to an outburst of tears. Then her hand was grasped suddenly, and she found Green on his knees before her. She started to her feet. "Don't move," he said, with weak, hysteric passion, but listen to me. for God's sake! I am ruined, I know, even though you have just saved me from detection and disgrace. I have been mad!—a fool, to do what I have done, I know, but you do not know all—you do not know why I did it—you cannot think of the temptation that has driven me to it. Listen, Mrs. Baker. I have been striving to get money honestly, dishonestly-anyway, to look well it your eyes—to make myself worthy of you—to make myself rich and to be able to offer you home and take you away from Laurel Run. It was all for you-it was all for love of you, Betsy, my darling. Listen to me!" In the fury, outraged sensibility, indignation and infinite disgust that filled her little body

at that moment, she should have been large, imperious, goddess-like and commanding. But God is at times ironical with suffering woman-hood. She could only writte her hand from his grasp with childish contortions; she could only glare at him with eves that were prettily and piquantly brilliant: she could only slap at his detaining hand with a plump and velvety palm, and when she found her voice it was high alsetto, and all she could say was, "Leave me e, looney, or I'll scream." He rose with a weak, confused laugh, half of iserable affectation and half of real anger

Baker, with every drop of red blood gone from her cheek and trembling lip. "What—did—I —come here for? Well!—I came here for John Baker's sake! John Baker, who stood between you and death at Burnt Ridge, as I stand be tween you and damnation at Laurel Run, Mr. Green! Yes, John Baker, lying under half of Burnt Ridge, but more to me this day than any iving man crawling over it in"-in-oh, fatal climax!—"amonth o Sundays! What did I come here for? I came here as John Baker's livin' wife to carry on dead John Baker's work. Yes. dirty work this time, maybe, Mr. Green, but his work, and for him only precious. That's what I came here for; that's what I live for; that's what I in waiting for—to be up to him and his work always. That's me - Betsy Baker!"

She walked up and down rapidly, tying her She walked up and down rapidly, tying her chip hat under her chin again. Then she stopped, and taking her chamois purse from her pocket, laid it sharply on the desk.

"Stanton Green, don't be a fool! Rise up out of this and be a man again. Take enough out of that bag to pay what you owe gov'ment, send in your resignation and keep the rest to start you in an honest life elsewhere. But light out o' Hickory Hill afore this time tomorrow." out o' Hickory Hill afore this time tomorrow.

She pulled her mantle from the wall and

passed the bounds of conventionality or a certain delicacy of respect. The delivery was consequently more or less protracted, but when each man had exchanged his three or four minace and man had exchanged his three or four minace and man had exchanged his three or four minace and man had exchanged his three or four minace and man had exchanged his three or four minace and man had exchanged his three or four minace and man had exchanged his three or four minace and man had exchanged his three or four minace and man had exchanged his three or four minace and the streaming galaxies.

There was a good two-mile level before the rise of the next range. Now, Blue Lightning! all you know? And that was much, for the little grade of the return journey to Laurel Hill was in her favor or that she could avoid the long, circuitous ascent to the summit taken by the stage, or that, owing to the mit taken by the stage, or that, owing to the extraordinary difficulties in the carriage of the way bag, which had to be twice rescued from under the wheels of the stage, she entered the under the wheels of the stage, she entered the Laurel Run post office as the coach leaders came trotting up the hill. Mr. Home was al-ready on the platform.

"You'll have to ballast your next way bag.

boss," said Charley, gravely, as it escaped his clutches once more in the dust of the road, "or you'll have to make a new contract with the company. We've lost ten minutes in five miles company. We've lost ten minutes in five miles over that bucking thing."
Home did not reply, but quickly dragged his prize into the office, scarcely noticing Mrs. Baker, who stood beside him, pale and breathless. As the bolt of the bag was drawn, revealing its chaotic interior, Mrs. Baker gave a little sigh. Home glanced quickly at her, emptied the bag upon the floor and picked up the broken and half filled money parcel. Then he collected the scattered coins and counted them.

ollected the scattered coins and counted them 'It's all right, Mrs. Baker," he said gravely "He's safe this time."
"I'm so glad!" said little Mrs. Baker with s

"I'm so glad!" said little Mrs. Baker with a hypocritical gasp.
"So am I," returned Home, with increasing gravity, as he took the coin, "for, from all I have gathered this afternoon, it seems he was an old pioneer of Laurel Run, a friend of your husband's, and, I think, more fool than knave!" He was silent for a moment, clicking the coins against each other; then he said carelessly: against each other; then he said carelessly:
"Did he get quite away, Mrs. Baker?"
"I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about," said Mrs. Baker, with a lofty air of

dignity, but a somewhat debasing color. "I don't see why I should know anything about it or why he should go away at all."
"Well," said Mr. Home, laying his hand on the widow's shoulder, "well, you see, it might have occurred to his friends that the coins were marked. That is, no doubt, the reason why be would take their good advice and go. But, as said before, Mrs. Baker. you're all right thatever happens—the government stands by

No Help for Him.

From the Chicago Tribune.

A man who seemed to be trying hard to buy bureau looked through the stock on hand at a large furniture store on State street yesterday morning and said as he turned to go:

"I reckon I might as well give it up. I have been in a dozen stores already and can't find what I want." "Is it any particular pattern you are looking for?" asked the salesman.
"N—no," replied the man, walking absent-

mindedly around an antique oak affair and examining it on all sides. "I'm not hunting for any particular style of bureau, but I'd know it mighty quick if I came across it." "Perhaps your wife—"
"Anything that will suit me will suit her."

"Or your daughters—"
"Got seven of 'em!" ejaculated the man, taking off his hat and wiping his forehead ner-"My dear sir," said the salesman promptly, "I know what you are looking for. There isn't a bureau of the kind you want in this market.

Chewing gum will stick to the back of any of

From the Chicago Herald.

From Texas Siftings. there is any hope?" said a very sick man to Dr.

"Your chances are the best in the world. The statistics show that one person in ten recovers," replied the doctor. "Then there is not much hope for me?"
"Oh, yes there is. You are the tenth case that I have treated, and the other nine are dead I don't see how you can help getting well if the statistics are to be relied on."

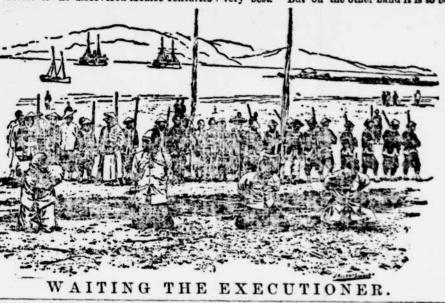
THE CHINESE PIRATES.

The Nineteen Who Were Decapitated in One Day at Amoy and How They Met Death. From the Philadelphia Times.

THOUGH THE ENGLISH FORCED THE

opium trade on China, they made up for the injury thus done the Chinese in opening up to them the benefits of civilization. And as these can only be secured by the protection of commerce, the English put down piracy in the Chinese seas. At least they thought they did. The Chinese pirate is, for in spite of the English he still exists, the kinsman and conqueror of all freebooters of the sea that ever visitors to China knew him and dreaded him: the old Dutch navigators wrote him down in their records as most bloodthirsty and cruel; he whipped the China sea and the Yellow sea, He took it carefully, but in spite of his great the Indian ocean and also the Archipelago, precaution fell over it twice on his way to the Long were his voyages, and if Chinese history is to be believed-indeed, there is nothing to

method of robbing a steamship, boarded the British steamship Namoa at Hong Kong. It is, of course, only by going aboard in port, disguised as coolies, that the Chinese pirates can expect to take a foreign steamship, for it would be impossible for their junks to overhaul or ten her. When once on board unsuspected be impossible for their junks to overhaul or stop her. When once on board, unsuspected and themselves perfectly safe, it is easy for them to rise at a preconcerted signal and take the ship into their possession. This was what happened in the case of the Namoa. The de-tails of the tragedy will be well remembered. The captain and several passengers were killed many more were wounded and, after thoroughl plundering the ship, the robbers decamped in the junks that had been waiting for them in the place to which they steered their ship. The Namoa, her crew crippled, was finally brought to shore and the whole of China rang with the news of her capture. There was of course an instant demand for the fresh suppression of piracy and also for the immediate punishment of the culprits. That the culprits would be brought to justice none of the resident Euro peans were very confident, however. The hiding places of these sea-going gentry are innumerable, their brotherhood is close and compact, and their facilities in this case for losing themselves among the vast mass of is to be believed—indeed, there is nothing to the vast population of China were of the contradict it—he discovered Mexico centuries very best. But on the other hand it is to be



river, whose numerous harbors and channels afforded protection and escape to their vessels when pursued, while the towns upon the island

The prisoners have, so far, been accorded a afforded protection and escape to their vessels when pursued, while the towns upon the island were plundered and the inhabitants killed if regular trial, but there was no question about their occupation or their guilt. The courts their occupation or their guilt. pirates broke up into two fleets, which fought ular Chinese fashion by beheading, or, perhaps, each other and after severe losses on both sides it should be called the most usual Chinese made their subjection to the government. This was after nearly fifty years of warfare upon | tion quite as regular, though not so generally these bands by the foreigners, especially the resorted to. Torture is frequent in Portuguese.

was, however, the fact is that no mercy whatever was shown to them and that when a pirate village was destroyed it was utterly wiped out, its teen pirates were decapitated. These inhabitants being extirpated. The English, proceedings in the grim routine of Ch whose trade was at stake, pursued their usual method of blowing the robber junks out of the water. The Portuguese and Dutch set the

pefore Cortez ever set foot there and harried | remembered that in China as in nowhere the west const of Peru ages before Pizzaro reached his peak in Darien. Not even in Norseland was piracy so recognized and so honorable a profession. The government of China was, of course, utterly powerless to deal with it. When the United States and the European nations came knocking at the gates of the Brother of Heaven china was, of course, under the course ind shame.

China was, of course, under the course indigence, which is part of the course in the course

tuguese flects attacked and blockaded them, but would have been unsuccessful had not the but would have been unsuccessful had not the leaders of the piratical forces quarreled. The been only condemned and executed in the regfloor. The bonnet was a recent gift to Mrs. tial kingdom, but the death sentence is ordi- the fashionable section, where Mrs. Warren Slow as the work of exterminating the pirates | narily carried out by the ax. Our illustrations which took place at Amoy, and at which nine proceedings in the grim routine of Chinese justice took place on the sea beach in presence of the requisite native officials and water. The Portuguese and Dutch set the performed by the executioner under the pirates to fighting each other. At last the pro- formal protection of a guard of soldiers. The



fession seemed extinct and vigilance was a little expertness of the Chinese executioners is well relaxed, both by the foreigners and by the imperial government. The consequence was that the hereditary instinct of the Chinese criminal classes broke out again, and the shores of the Chinese seas saw once more the well-armed, threatening junk, with its hardy and con-scienceless crew, ready to fall on their seafar-ing countrymen and plunder their coastwise mg countrymen and plunder their coastwiss vessels of their loads. For ten years past, therefore, the entire craft have been suffering at the hands of these rovers, and the depredations have gradually grown in extent, though

without attracting particular attention, for so on the long as foreign vessels were untouched the world was likely to hear little of the matter.

It was in December last, however, that a band of pirates, resorting to their old-time view. WHAT IS INSIDE OF THE EARTHS The Question as Affected by What is Known

of the Interior Heat.

From Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine Many scientific men are devoting their lives to finding out all that can be learned about the interior of this wonderful globe of ours. One of the interesting problems on which they are engaged is the depth and geological limits of the permanently frozen soil. The Britisa Association has collected a large amount of data on this question. It has already told us some curious things, such as the fact that excellent wheat lands north of Manitoba overlies frozen earth that never thaws.

Some geologists find strata of rock that they are able to show must have been buried at a remote age 10,000 feet under the surface. These upturned edges of rock, which some terrible convulsion lifted to the air, give us a glimpse of the condition of the interior some way below the greatest depth to which we can attain. The workmen in the deepest mines in Europswelter in almost intolerable heat, and yet the have never penetrated over one-seven-thousandth part of the distance from the surthousandth part of the distance from the surface to the center of the earth. In the lower levels of some of the Comstock mines the men fought scalding water and could labor only three or four hours at a time, until the Sutro tunnel pierced the mines and drew off some of the terrible heat, which had been 120 degrees.

The deepest boring ever made—that at 25 feet and a 12 feet an renberg near Derlin—penetrates only 4,172 feet, about 1,000 feet deeper than the famous artesian well at St. Louis. The result of this imperfect disputes among scientific men with regard to the interior of the earth than about any other problem of physical science. Some eminent physicists, for instance, like Sir William Thomp-son, have believed that the crust of the earth is at least 100 miles thick. The majority adduce good reasons for believing that the crust is only twenty-five to fifty miles thick. All agree that the temperature within the earth continues to increase as it does near the surface—at the

The figure nine is curiously and intimately connected with all the great gold mining excitements of the nineteenth century. The great Algerian gold bubble formed and broke in 1809. Next came the Mantazan mountain craze in 1839, when solid boulders of gold as large as flour barrels were reported. The California gold fever broke out in 1849 and raged until counteracted by the Pike's Peak boom in 1859. Ten years later, in 1869, "Old-Virginia," the celebrated miner, struck the lucky lead which made Virginia City and Nevada famous in the themperature of the sun. It is improbable, however, that this rate of increase is maintained for a great distance, and many physicists believe that at some unknown but not very great depth the increase in temperature cases. One of the most wonderful things in the study of science is the fact that the mysteries of one science are sometimes completely or partly explained by knowledge gleaned in some other department of study. It is thus that the naturalists who have investigated the fauna and flora of scores of Pacific islands have learned how far south Asiatic types prevail and have added great weight to the conclusions of geologists that these islands were once a part of the big continent north of them.

From the Colorado Sun. Crochet-"What an ass Baton, the musics director, made of himself at his own wedding

Quaver-"I didn't hear about it." for me?"
the tenth case
raine are dead,
ting well if the
Baton stopped the procession while he went
over and showed how it ought to be played."

when they are thrown into the sea. The heads in such cases are exposed to public He Had Faith.

known. Their weapon is a heavy two-handed

sword, as keen as a razor, and the head of the

criminal is taken off with a single blow. On

this occasion the bloody work was done with

the utmost dispatch, the pirates all kneeling on the sand in a row, and only one false blow

being dealt, when the sword struck one of the

pirates too low and a second stroke was neces-sary. In the first illustration the pirates are

seen kneeling ready for the execution to begin, and in the second their bodies are seen lying on the sand as they fell.

There they continue to lie for a day or two.

M. Quad in New York World.

A young man about twenty-five years old was sitting in the waiting room of the Erie depot the other day with a year-old baby on his knee. and his alarm and helplessness when the "young un" suddenly began to howl was so marked as to attract attention. By and by a Grand Opera House, not for the sake of the

every blessed minute, ain't you?"
"I think she il come back." "Well, this makes me laugh-ha! ha! ha! had a woman play that same trick on me in a Chicago depot once, but no one ever will again. Young man, you're stuck. You've been played on for a hayseed. Better turn that thing over to a policeman and make a skip before some reporter gets on to you.
"Oh, she'll come back," replied the young

man, as he looked anxiously around.
"She will, eh? Ha! ha! ha! Joke grows richer and richer! What makes you think she'll come back?" "Because she's my wife and this is our first

"Oh—um—I see," muttered the fat man, who got over feeling tackled all at once, and in his vexation he crossed the room and kicked a dog which a farmer had tied to one of the eats with a piece of clothes line. Narrow and Broad Gauges.

From the London Daily News. How many people remember the famous "battle of the gauges?" The victory of what

was once known as "the narrow gauge," but is now the standard or national gauge, since narrower ones are not unknown, is to absolute that this is the last year of the existence of Brunel's measurement for the Great Western Railway Company's permanent way. For many years on that line the broad gauge has been dison that line the broad gauge has been disappearing, and, as announced in our report of the company's half-yearly meeting, the change is to be complete by the 20th of May next. The disappearing gauge, originally adopted on the Great Western railway on Brunel's plans, is seven feet. The common gauge, now roughly called the four-foot way, is really four feet eight and a half inches. That is the distance between the rails, the fractional measurement being, we believe, explained by the fact that originally the width of the rails together made up an additional three and a half inches, and gave a wheel track of exactly five feet to suit the earlier locomotives and five feet to suit the earlier locomotives and trains. The heads of rails are now much broader varying on the different lines from two and a half to two and three-quarters inches, or to gether from five to five and a half inches. Dug Gold to Plug Her Teeth.

From the Augusta Journal.

Miss Edith J. Hutchinson went from Farm ington to Madison one day last week with a

piece of gold which she took from the mines at Swift river with her own hands, and had it nserted into the cavity of a tooth. The piece of gold was placed near the center of the cavity and filled in with gold prepared for that pur-pose. Dr. Lancaster performed the operation and says he believes Miss Hutchinson is the only lady in the land having a gold filling a part of which she took from the mines with her own CHEYENNE AND DENVER. resentative's Impressions in th Wide-Awake West.

in all the big and little towns west of Chicago I have been in so far and I am surprised to see it here in Denver in the best hotels. I never HE QUIET OF CHEYENNE CONTRASTED WITH THE BUSILE OF DENVER-STREET CARS AND CEMEest ladies to take care of their own children TERIES-SENATOR CARRY'S HOME-POLITENESS One of the prettiest sights in the parks and TO LADIES-LITTLE THINGS THAT MAKE STRONG boulevards is to see well attired young matrons

pecial Correspondence of The Evening Star

my maiden musings received during my rides to and fro.

IN THE CAPITOL.

selves every hour of the day if they please.

I enjoyed a peep into Senator Carey's beauti-

ful home. The Senator and his brother, Dr.

shape of an Indian's war bonnet. Mrs. Carey

has fitted the bonnet round the big newel pos

on the stairs and the gorgeous arrangement of feathers and beads hangs clear down to the

Carey from a friend at one of the far military

SENATOR WARREN

keeps the largest furniture house in the city

and combines undertaking with other branches

DULL TIMES IN CHEYENNE.

DIFFERENT IN DENVER.

Now, that is not the way they do in Denver.

thus conferred.

it-well, they give it to you.

IN A NUTSHELL.

run up and down steep hills and cross the railroad tracks on an elevated road. In the electric cars you touch a button in the window frame

just handy to your reach, when you want to get off the cars and the conductor does the rest.

LITTLE THINGS.

Just for the fun of it I have enjoyed myself

noticing the little things in the every-day de-

portment of the people I have met. They may

when there are women riding with them in elevators. They do the same thing here. Street car manners in Chicago are not generally

black men and China boys. And if a poor fel-low happens to be drunk it never seems to affect his manners. I had two vacant scats near me last night when in jumped two men, who will probably be in the labor parade tomorrow and had already commenced to celebrate. I tried hard to keep a civil distance from one of them, not because he was so exhibitated, but from the fact that he must have finished his

supper hurriedly, as he still carried a massive and greasy ham sandwich. Now what do you think he did? He pitched that, to him, deli-cious morsel into the street the moment it dawned on him that that was really carrying

dawned on him that that was really carrying things too far.

When another man gave me his seat on another occasion and hung on himself to the side of the car, he answered my "much obliged to you, sir," with a "don't you say anything about it" and an emphasis on "you" that sounded to me precisely as if he expected I would. He was right, too.

NAPKING AS STRAW I have been laughing to myself over any li-tic straw which shows the way the wir

always open your napkin and flourish it dex-trously before you, as if to remind you of its uses. They never failed to do the same thing

blows. I found the waiters on the

Ferguson street.

trundling their baby carriages, or if they are driving, holding their babies. I am told the nurse girl is truly the mother's assistant, and not the baby's, and the baby's mother's boss, as she is so often in Washington. The practice is general, they tell me in the west, and really ables for they tell me in the west, and really DENVER, Col., September 5, 1891. I dropped 15 cents in the slot the other day and saw Cheyenne. That 15 cents was exadds a feature to street life that every con pended entirely in street car fare and it did the work. One-third was spent in whirling A DENVER SUNDAY along from the railroad station to the Capitol building, the whirlers being two mules, and past that through South Cheyenne to the cem-

aw it done anywhere else.

mon sense individual must admire. is just like all the rest of the region about the Rockies. Churches are plentiful and crowded. eteries. It is due to the capital city of Wyoming to say that the quiet and peace of the
cemetery extends throughout the entire city
and is probably the model upon which the
whole concern is run. Cheyenne is a real nice
clean city, with broad roads and smooth footwalks, every street double lined with trees and Parks and pleasure resorts just as numerous takes a large variety to make up Denver, and in her 175,000 she thinks she has some specithe grass is as green as it is in May time in Washington. Nearly all the people you meet are riding, but not in the street cars. I might have owned the car for all the interruptions meet | mens of all humanity.

CRICAGO MOTHERS.

It is fashionable in Chicago now for the rich

VERY MEAN BRIDEGROOMS. Tricks Played on Parsons to Escape Paying

the Marriage Fee Before I did the cemeteries I wandered into From the New York World. the imposing pile-the Capitol building. Every now and then one hears of large feet Only an occasional messenger running in and paid to clergymen by rejoicing bridegrooms. out and the click of a typewriter showed that One does not so often hear of the impositions the big home of legislation was occupied at all.
It is commodious and handsomely finished and furnished. It faces a fine park, which is laid out in pretty flower beds and is bounded by a drive, where the fashionables can air themsometimes put upon those who tie the matrimonial knot and who suffer under the social custom which forbids a minister to perform the service of marrying lovers at a fixed rate stipulated for by contract.

My next 5 cents in car fare gave me the right to enter and admire the three cemeteries, which, like three well-kept gardens, mark the But love and marriage do not change the nature of men, and there are mean-very places where Cheyenne's dead sleep their last sleep. The Catholic cemetery is in the center, with the Odd Fellows' on one side and the City cemetery on the other.

My third investment in railroad facilities mean-bridegrooms, who do not besitate to trick and chest the good pasters who bind them in the ties of matrimony. There is a minister in Brooklyn who told the brought me back to the city again and one block from the fashionable residence quarter,

writer a harrowing tale of deception of which he was the victim. After he had performed he was the victim. After he had performed the marriage ceremony for a young couple at the parsonage the bridegroom slipped a fat en-velope between the leaves of the family Bible, nodding pleasantly, as if to say: "You ve well earned it." The clergyman nodded thankfully. "When I opened that envelope," he said. Carey, were summoned east last week by the

"what do you suppose I found in it?"

"A goodly sum in bills."

"No, sir! No, sir! Twenty sheets of copy paper such as reporters use. And on the last sheet was written: "Economy is wealth. Please death of their aged father in Milton, Del. Mrs. don't squander this. Wipe your razor on it."
"I think," said the dominie, "that ministers should be empowered to declare some mar-

riages void."
Dr. Howard, whom everybody in Flatbush, L. I., will remember, had a similar experience. He was routed out at midnight to marry a ouple and was compelled to arouse his family ect as witnesses. He was given a fat package y the bridegroom upon the latter's departure. he good doctor spent half an hour or so un winding paper after paper from that package only to find at last a silver quarter which had been used as a sleeve button. One face had been ground smooth and ornamented with nonogram. Dominie Johnson, whom old Brooklynites

will recollect, was "taken in" once in much the same way. A would-be Benedict wrote to him of cabinet making. He has a fine home, also in to engage his services in tying the matri-monial knot and hinted that he was saving a makes the center of much that is attractive in roll of \$5 gold gieces with which to fee th "An evening or two later," said the clergy-Cheyenne indulged in tremendous expectaman, in telling the story, "he honored me with a call. He was accompanied by one of the tions after the admission of the territory to prettiest little women i ever saw.

statehood, but the few business people with the ceremony and he insisted upon my kissing whom I talked told me that the last six months the bride. He made an officious display of a long thin roll well wrapped in tin foil, and as I busiest place I saw was the railroad station, bowed him out he slid it slyly into my side at the hours of the arrival and departure of the castern and western trains. When I gotaboard amined the roll and found eastern and western trains. When I gotaboard my train for Denver, I could not but feel that "What?" "A clothes pin surrounded with ten-penny comported myself in keeping with the dignity nails! A month or two afterward he wrote to me from St. Louis saying that he had charged

me the wedding fee I was to have receive kissing his bride."
"There is a halter awaiting that knave," con-There is a push and a rustle here in every branch of business, and if you want to keep up of a hanging that I do not wonder if he isn't with the procession you must step up lively. the victim traveling to glory under an alias."

At least so I argue.

A clergyman who once held a charge near At least so I argue.

Tomorrow is Labor day. That, I suppose, is the reason that they worked so hard yesterday and far into the night. A Denver Saturday night in the section of the city where the hotels.

A clergyman who once held a charge near Wyandotte, Kan., was given a horse and carriage by a couple whom he had just married. They had driven to his parsonage from Wichita and they left by train. Soon after-

night in the section of the city where the hotels are seems a Bowery or two rolled into one incongruous mixture. The streets are all one blare of light and noise, brass bands and peddlers—enough to make a steady Washington head swim.

I encircled the entire city and then cut across it, as you would follow the squares on a chess board, by using the cable and electric charge of horse stealing. Of course everything was finally straightened out, but someacross it, as you would follow the squares on a chees board, by using the cable and electric charge of horse stealing. Of course everything was finally straightened out, but something was finally st

tion in the way of horse cars I have not seen how or other I could never make up my m them yet. The gripmen and conductors are to forgive that man." full of information and when they see you want Woman Suffrage in Australia

From the London Queen. I got the history of Denver in three short As in England, the premier is in favor of the chapters from one fellow and there were not change in the law. But the Hon. David Monro fifty words in the whole of it. I asked what it has been enabled to do more than Lord Salisbury meant to see so many idle men standing around has yet seen his way to accomplish be has the streets, about three to every one working. He told that old story about the man who promised to bring in a bill giving some measurement. offered \$6 a day to laborers, and when he had ure of effect to the principle. The bill now besucceeded in bringing an army of them from the east he came pretty near being lynched when he gave \$1.50 a day instead. That was parliamentary vote. This proposal we learn That was pariismentary vote. This proposal, we learn, sive hope has the support of a considerable proportion

when he gave \$1.50 a day instead. That was thirty years ago, and the same illusive hope still exists in the minds of many who go west.

The new capitol building, now in course of crection, will be a notable example of the big ideas of the state. All around it are the homes of the fashionable folks and mansions they are, too. Denverites do not run over them as they did over the palace ex-Senator Tabor built for himself a few years ago.

TABOR AND HIS OPERA HOUSE.

I went to the matinee yesterday at the Tabor Grand Opera House, not for the sake of the Grand Opera House, not for the sake of the Progress all along the line seems at no dis-

marked as to attract attention. By and by a waiting passenger walked over to him with a saide of pity on his face and queried:

"A woman gave you that baby to hold while she went to see about her baggage, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"Ha! ha! I tumbled to the fact as soon as I saw you. You expect her back, I suppose?"

"Ha! ha! This is rich! Looking for her every blessed minute, ain't you?"

"I this hab! I tamble to me have."

"I this hab! I tamble to the fact as soon as I saw you. You expect her back, I suppose?"

"Ha! ha! This is rich! Looking for her every blessed minute, ain't you?"

"I this hab! I tamble to me have."

"I this hab! I tamble to the means to me the country, which are of a very high character, the girls enjoy the same advantages as the boys. There is, in fact, what seems to us in England a wonderful intermixture of the sexes, and the result is that the rising woman-hood of Australia is remarkably well educated and that the maidens read the newspapers with one other representative of the newspaper and that the mandens read the newspapers with world we saw the ceremony from a convenient no less avidity than do the youths. Then in all world we saw the ceremony from a convenient crack in a convenient door. Sizing it all up, with the serio-comic and tragic elements figuring in the whole business, I doubt if the stage of the gorgeous opera house has witnessed anything as interesting as that scene from real life. Mr. Tabor keeps on piling up the dollars and seems top of the heap in the financial world.

Riding along on the cable cars gives you the best idea of the high hills around which the city straggles. Only a small part is compactly built.

THE CARS

run up and down steep hills and cross the rail-

which we are here ismiliar. For instance, a memorandum was sent to the most important religious body in South Australia—the Wesieyan—and a resolution that in the opinion of the conference women were entitled to the vote with men was carried not only by the Wesieyans, but by the Baptists, Congregationalists, Eible Christians and it need scarcely be added, the Society of Friends. The Church of England has not been approached, but there seems a likelihood of sympathy in that direction, for the Episcopalian authorities in Australia have just passed a resolution that women communicants should have the same power of election in the symod as men.

have a bearing in the making up of the twelfth census. In Chicago men take off their hats communicants should have the clection in the synod as men. Editor (wildly): "I am ruined-tee

Street car manners in Chicago are not generally good, but the women err as frequently and as deeply as the men. In Cheyenne, street car politeness—but I forgot, for I was the only passenger. Here, nothing could be more deferential than the treatment of the weaker sex. The men get up and ride on the platform whenever a woman wants a place. I have seen all sorts of men do this very thing, white men, black men and China boys. And if a poor fellow happens to be drunk it never seems to affect. Foreman: "What's the matter now. Editor: "What's that matter? Why, in my Editor: "What's that matter? Why, in my notice of Col. Jones' marriage I plamly wrote the ready and waiting bride advanced to the altar, hung with lilies and rose leaves, and confound you, here's the way it reads in the paper. The wretched and weary bride danced to the halter, hung with liars and horse thieves. Goff in the woods and hang yoursel. I don't want to waste buckshot on you."

A Fine Bed Spread.